Seasons of love

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes

Five hundred twenty-five thousand moments so dear

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes

How do you measure, measure a year?

In daylights, in sunsets

In midnights, in cups of coffee

In inches, in miles

In laughter, in strife

In five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes

How do you measure a year in the life

How about love?

How about love?

How about love?

Measure in love

Seasons of love

Seasons of love

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes

Five hundred twenty-five thousand

Journeys to plan

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes

How do you measure the life

Of a woman or a man?

In truths that she learned

Or in times that he cried

In bridges he burned

Or the way that she died

It's time now to sing out

Tho' the story never ends

Let's celebrate

Remember a year in the life of friends

Remember the love

Remember the love

Remember the love

Measure in love

Measure, measure your life in love

Turn! Turn! Turn!

To everything - turn, turn, turn

There is a season - turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die

A time to plant, a time to reap

A time to kill, a time to heal

A time to laugh, a time to weep

To everything - turn, turn, turn

There is a season - turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to build up, a time to break down

A time to dance, a time to mourn

A time to cast away stones

A time to gather stones together

To everything - turn, turn, turn

There is a season - turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time of love, a time of hate

A time of war, a time of peace

A time you may embrace

A time to refrain from embracing

To everything - turn, turn, turn

There is a season - turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to gain, a time to lose

A time to rend, a time to sew

A time for love, a time for hate

A time for peace, I swear it's not too late!